He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue *Plantagenet*,
The Princly Nouice was strooke dead by thee.
Cla. My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage,
1. Thy brothers loue, the Deuill, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. Oh, if you loue my brother hate not me,
I am his brother and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for meede goe backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother *Gloucester*,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.
2. You are deceiued your brother *Gloucester* hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues mee and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
Am. I so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father *Yorke*,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:
And charged vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided friendship.
Bid *Gloucester* thinke on this and hee will weepe,
Am. I milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe,
Cla. O, doe not slaunder him for he is kind.
1. Right as snow in haruest, thou deceiuest thy selfe,
Tis hee that sent vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs
That he would labour my deliuery.
2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thrauldome: to the ioyes of heauen,
1. make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell mee to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,
That thou wilt war with God, for murdring me?
Ah sirs consider he that set you on
To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede,

2. What shall we doe?
Cla. Relent, and saue your soules.
1. Relent, tis cowardly, and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, and diuelish.
My friends I spie some pitty in yous lookes;
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou one my side and intreete for me:
A begging Prince what beggar pitties not?
1. I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He stabs him.*
Ile chop thee in the malmesey But in the next roome.
2. A bloody deed and desperatly performd,
How faine would I like *Pilate* wash my hand,
Of this most grieuous guilty murder done.
1. Why doest thou not helpe me?
By heauen the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.
2. I would he knew that I had saued his brother,
Take thou the fee and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*
1. So do not I, goe coward as thou art.
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meed I must away,
For this will out, and here I must not stay, *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Riuers, &c.

King. So now I haue done a good dayes worke,
Your Peares continue the vnited league,
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,
Since I haue set my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and Hasting, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.
Ri. By heauen my heart is purged from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue.
Hast. So thriue I as I sweare the like.
King. Take heede you dally not before your King,
Least he that is the supreame King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to bee the others end.